GOLD KEY®

SCOOBY DOO

90252-502

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HANNA-BARBERA SCOOBY DOO... MYSTERY COMICS

A GIANT GHOST STALKS THE GUSHERS IN THE **HAPPY HAUNTING GROUNDS**

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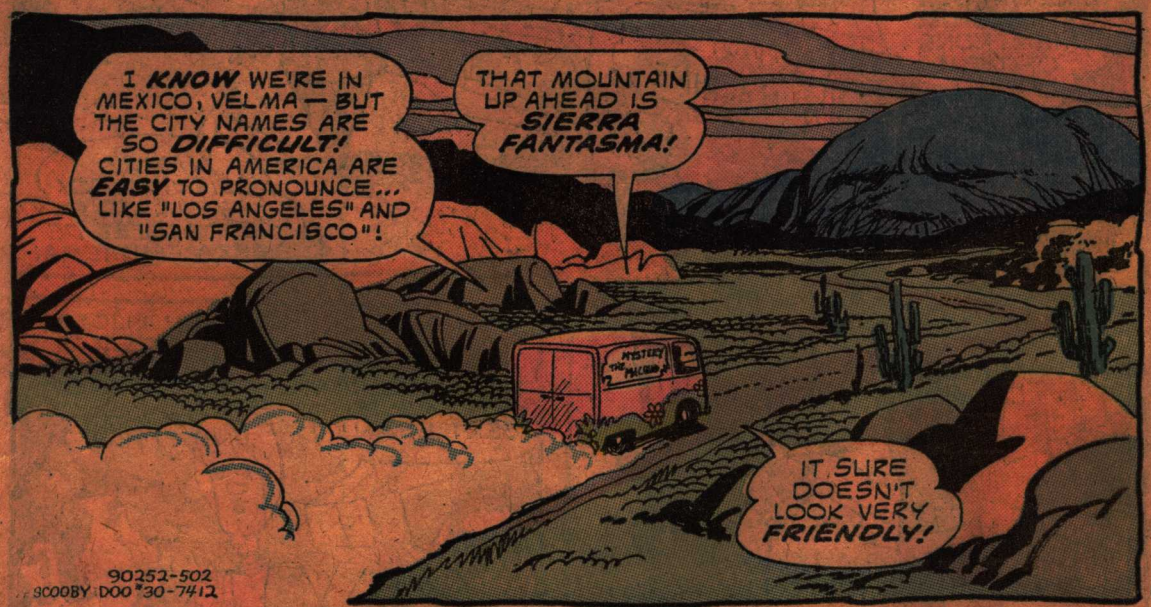
HANNA-BARBERA

SCOOBY DOO.. MYSTERY COMICS

The TREASURE of SIERRA FANTASMA



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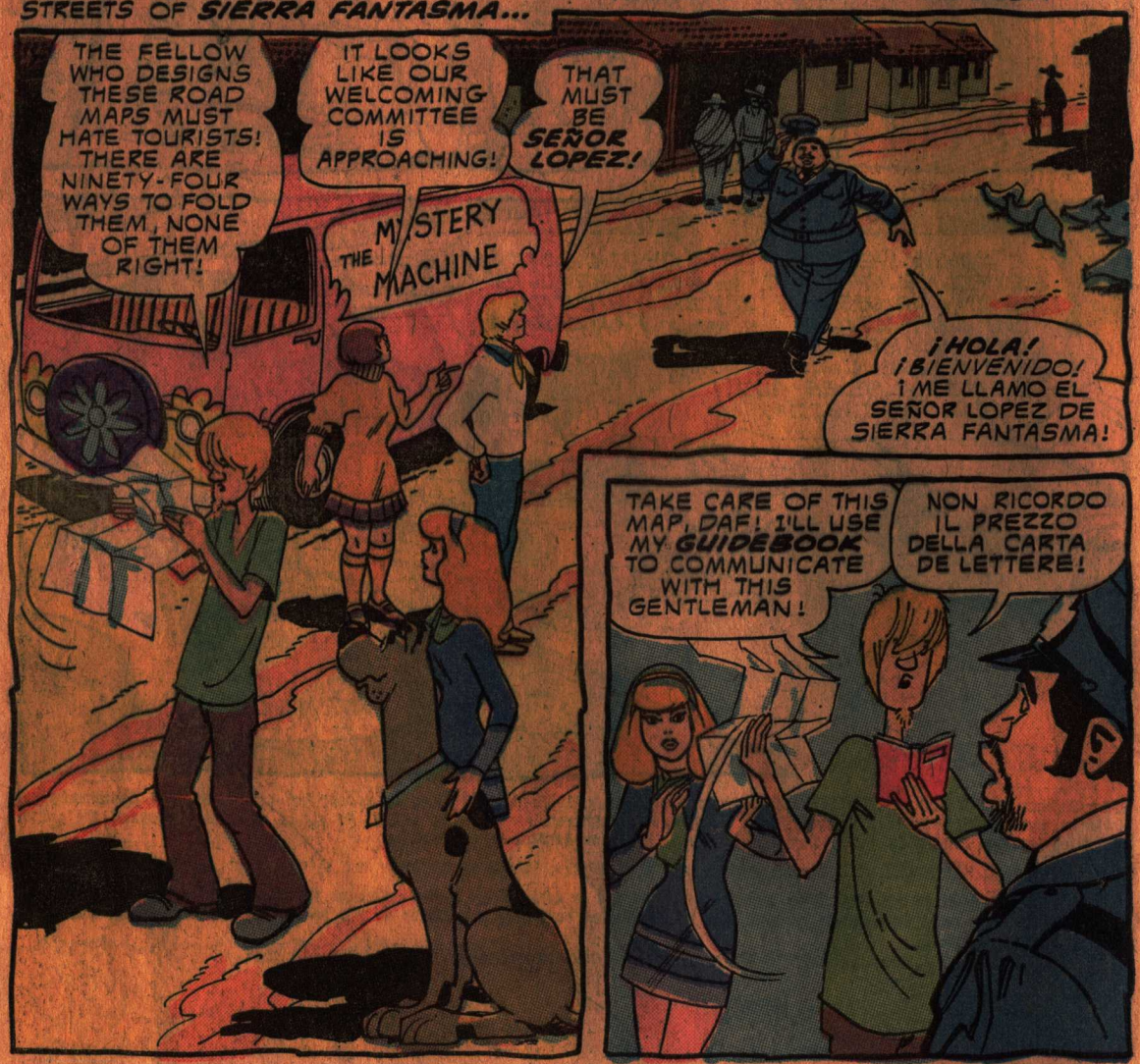
IN A MATTER OF MINUTES THE MYSTERY MACHINE IS PARKED ON THE DUSTY STREETS OF *SIERRA FANTASMA*...

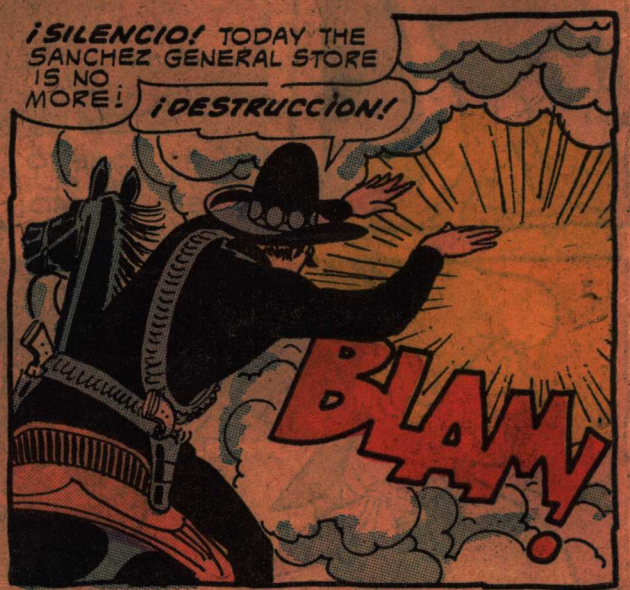


WHO IS "HE"?
"HE" IS COMING!

BANG!
BANG!
¡VENGANZA! ¡VENGANZA!

THIS HAPPENS EVERY DAY?
SÍ! NOW HE RIDES TOWARDS A LOCAL STORE!

SANCHEZ! IT IS YOUR TURN TODAY! YOUR GRAND-FATHER DROVE ME TO THE HILLS!
PLEASE, SEÑOR! MI ABUELO...


¡SILENCIO! TODAY THE SANCHEZ GENERAL STORE IS NO MORE!
¡DESTRUCCION!
BLAM!

MY STORE! IT IS DESTROYED!
AS THIS WHOLE TOWN WILL BE, BY THE TIME I AM THROUGH! ENRIQUE LADRÓN RIDES! ¡VENGANZA!

THERE HE GOES— OFF INTO THE HILLS!
I WILL NOT RUN! I WILL REBUILD! FROM THE GROUND UP, I WILL REBUILD!
BUENO, SANCHEZ! SIERRA FANTASMA SHALL LIVE ON!

SEÑOR LOPEZ, CAN YOU FILL US IN ON THIS?
I AM NOT THE ONE TO DO THAT! LYDIA BANUELOS RUNS THE HOTEL AND IS THE TOWN HISTORIAN...

SO...
LONG AGO, THIS WAS THE TOWN OF SIERRA PAZ, MEANING "PEACEFUL MOUNTAIN"! THAT WAS BEFORE ENRIQUE LADRÓN APPEARED!

"HE HAD BEEN CHASED FROM EVERY TOWN IN MEXICO! IT WAS A BLACK DAY WHEN HE CAME TO SIERRA PAZ..."
GIVE ME ALL YOUR GOLD!

HE FLED TO THE MOUNTAINS, AND THAT IS WHERE HE MADE HIS MISTAKE...
...BECAUSE THE ONLY WAY OUT WAS THROUGH THE TOWN AND EVERY MAN THERE WAS WAITING FOR HIM!

"THE TOWNSPEOPLE GATHERED TOGETHER TO KEEP LADRÓN A PRISONER IN THE MOUNTAINS..."
YOU'LL NEVER LEAVE THOSE HILLS, LADRÓN! SOMEONE WILL ALWAYS BE ON GUARD AGAINST IT!

"THAT WAS EIGHTY YEARS AGO AND LADRÓN WAS NEVER SEEN AGAIN! BUT HE WAS HEARD..."
DID YOU HEAR THE NOISES FROM THE MOUNTAIN LAST NIGHT?
SÍ! THEY WERE HORRID! IT MUST BE THE SPIRIT OF ENRIQUE LADRÓN!

THE GHOST NOISES CONTINUED FOR YEARS AND THE TOWN'S NAME WAS CHANGED TO SIERRA FANTASMA... "GHOST MOUNTAIN"!
AND THEY NEVER FOUND THE GOLD... THE BANK MONEY?

NO! SOMEWHERE IN THOSE HILLS LIES THREE HUNDRED POUNDS OF GOLD... EL TESORO DE ORO!
THAT MEANS "THE TREASURE OF GOLD"! MANY HAVE SEARCHED FOR IT BUT ALL HAVE FAILED!

AND THE GHOST STARTED APPEARING, TEARING UP THE TOWN LAST WEEK!
WELL, LET'S GET SOME DINNER AND THEN SOME SLEEP! WE'VE GOT A LOT OF WORK TO DO TOMORROW!

BUT, WHEN TOMORROW ROLLS AROUND...

RISE AND SHINE, GANG! IT'S A LOVELY MEXICAN MORNING!

IT MAY BE MORNING BUT IT'S *NOT* LOVELY! I DON'T FEEL WELL...

LIKEWISE! IT MUST BE SOMETHING WE *ATE!*

IT *CAN'T* BE! YOU ATE THE SAME FOODS *I* ATE— BURRITOS, FRIJOLES, REFRIED BEANS, TOSTADAS...

ICK! PLEASE, SHAGGY, *DON'T* REMIND US!

GO ON BACK TO YOUR ROOMS AND GET SOME EXTRA SHUT-EYE! WE'LL BEGIN THE INVESTIGATION WITHOUT YOU!

OH, *GREAT!*

IT'S YOU, ME AND SCOOB, VELMA! FRED AND DAF BOTH CAME DOWN WITH A BAD CASE OF TACO-TUMMY!

LOOK WHAT I FOUND IN THE RUBBLE OF SEÑOR SANCHEZ'S SHOP!

IT'S A PIECE OF A *LAND MINE*— WAR SURPLUS, PROBABLY! *THAT'S* WHAT BLEW UP THE STOREFRONT!

AND LOOK AT THAT OLD MAN! HE'S BEEN WALKING UP AND DOWN THE STREET ALL MORNING!

TALISMANS! TALISMANS! KEEP THE EVIL FROM YOU!

DO YOU GUARANTEE THAT YOUR CHARM WILL KEEP THE GHOST FROM MY STORE?

SÍ, SEÑOR— THIS BRANCH IS FROM THE *TREE OF ALL SPIRITS!* IT WILL KEEP ENRIQUE LADRÓN AWAY!

THAT MERCHANT'S PAYING HIM *MONEY* FOR THAT BRANCH! YOU THINK HE MIGHT KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT THE GHOST?

HE MIGHT! SCOOBY, *FOLLOW!*

WHAT A JOB— FOLLOWING A *TREE BRANCH SALESMAN!* HE'S PROBABLY HEADING FOR A BRANCH OFFICE!

I TOOK IN OVER THREE HUNDRED BUCKS TODAY! NOT BAD, BUT IT'S A *FAR CRY* FROM WHAT WE CAME TO THESE MOUNTAINS FOR!

PLATT, I'VE ABOUT *HAD IT* WITH THIS NICKEL-AND-DIME STUFF!

SO HAVE I! I THINK WE'D BETTER HAVE A LONG TALK WITH OUR *"EMPLOYER"!*

WE'RE FILLING *OUR* END OF THE BARGAIN! NOW I'D LIKE TO SEE A LITTLE OF THAT *GOLD* HE KEEPS PROMISING US!

YOU'LL SEE IT WHEN THE TOWN OF SIERRA FANTASMA IS NO MORE—WHEN IT IS DESTROYED OR WHEN EVERYONE HAS MOVED AWAY!

TALK ABOUT YOUR DUMB DOGGY LUCK—I'VE FOUND THE WHOLE GANG BEHIND THE PHONY GHOST!
THAT TOWN MUST PAY FOR WHAT THEY DID TO ENRIQUE LADRON! AND THEY SHALL PAY!

I PLANTED THE EXPLOSIVES AT BANUELOS HOTEL! PLATT WILL RIDE INTO TOWN LATER, AS THE GHOST, AND DETONATE THEM!
I'VE HEARD ENOUGH!

THE BANUELOS HOTEL IS WHERE WE'RE STAYING! I'LL PUT THE TRUSTY SCOOBY SCHNOZ TO USE AND SNIFF OUT THAT BOOBY-TRAP!

AND, LATER...
WE'RE BOTH FEELING A LITTLE BETTER...
...GOOD ENOUGH TO COME DOWN FOR THE GHOST'S DAILY APPEARANCE!
HE'S ALMOST DUE, AND WE HAVE A LITTLE SURPRISE FOR HIM!
THE GHOST APPROACHES!

OUT OF HIS WAY!
YOU ARE SMART TO CLEAR THE WAY FOR THE GHOST OF ENRIQUE LADRON! TODAY I THINK I DESTROY THE BANUELOS HOTEL!

NOTHING'S HAPPENING!
WE FOUND YOUR HIDDEN EXPLOSIVES AND DEFUSED THEM! NOTHING'S GOING TO HAPPEN, AMIGO!

OH, I FORGOT—SOMETHING IS GOING TO HAPPEN! DID YOU KNOW SHERIFF LOPEZ USED TO DO TRICK-ROPING?
I KNOW NOW!

WELL, WELL, WELL... WHAT HAVE WE HERE? AND WHO MIGHT YOU BE?
WELL, I MIGHT BE CAPTAIN KANGAROO! BUT I'M NOT!

I'LL TELL YOU WHO YOU ARE! YOU'RE A THUG WHO'S UNDER ARREST!
THIS MASK IS COATED WITH FLOURESCENT POWDER! THAT'S WHAT MADE THE "GHOST" GLOW!

HALF AN HOUR LATER...
IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU GOT BACK! COME ON— WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A LITTLE TALK WITH MR. BOSS-MAN ABOUT WHEN WE GET THAT GOLD!
REMEMBER—NOT A WORD ABOUT THE "MAGIC BRANCHES" I'VE BEEN SELLING IN TOWN TO KEEP YOU AWAY!
I'M SURE HE WOULDN'T APPROVE OF OUR LITTLE "EXTRA" BUSINESS SIDELINE— EVEN IF IT IS TO TIDE US OVER UNTIL WE GET THE GOLD!
THERE YOU ARE! WE'D LIKE A WORD WITH YOU! IN FACT, WE'D LIKE SEVERAL WORDS!
DID YOU DESTROY THE BANUELOS HOTEL?
THE BANUELOS HOTEL IS SAFE AND SOUND!
WE'RE SURROUNDED! YOU FOOLS, WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?
¡CARAMBA! I DO NOT BELIEVE WHO I SEE THERE! THE BOSS BEHIND ALL THIS IS...

...ENRIQUE LADRÓN HIMSELF!
IN PERSON! DON'T I LOOK SPLENDID FOR A MAN OF ONE HUNDRED AND FIVE YEARS?

PLATT! USE YOUR PISTOLS!
MY PISTOLS ARE EMPTY— AND I'M NOT PLATT! PLATT IS IN THE SIERRA FANTASMA JAIL!

I'M NOT JOINING HIM! I DIDN'T LIVE ALL THESE YEARS AS A HERMIT TO LAND IN JAIL!
THE DAY I CAN'T CATCH A 105-YEAR-OLD MAN, I TURN IN MY DOG LICENSE!

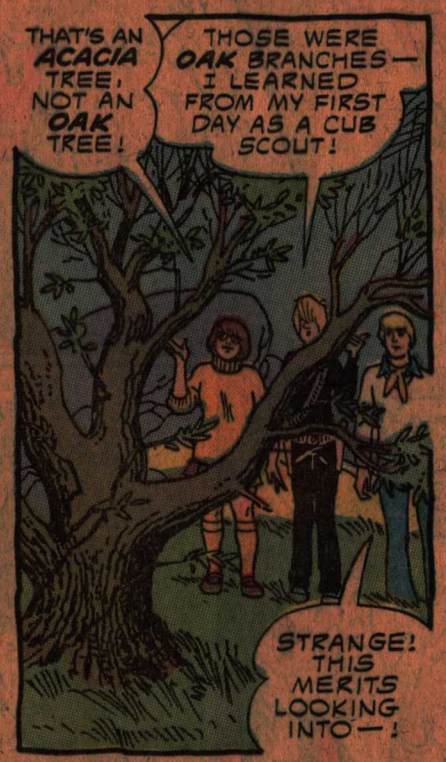
I COULD'VE CAUGHT HIM WITH ONE PAW TIED BEHIND MY BACK!
LADRÓN, WHERE IS THE GOLD?
I'LL NEVER TELL! NEVER!

FOR YEARS, FOOLS HAVE COME TO THIS MOUNTAIN SEARCHING FOR THE GOLD! FOOLS LIKE HIM!
EVERYBODY WANTS IT BUT ONLY ENRIQUE LADRÓN HAS IT!
YOU PROMISED IT TO US!

I PROMISED, I PROMISED—BUT ENRIQUE LADRÓN DOES NOT HAVE TO KEEP STINKIN' PROMISES!
YOU AND YOUR AMIGO CAME HERE TO SEARCH FOR THE GOLD— INSTEAD, YOU FOUND ME!

YOU THOUGHT YOU WOULD USE ME TO GET THE GOLD BUT I USED YOU! I MADE YOU CARRY OUT MY REVENGE, DISGUISED AS MY GHOST! YOU COLOSSAL FOOL!

WHERE DID YOU GET THOSE MAGIC BRANCHES YOU WERE SELLING? THEY WERE OAK, I THINK...
I DON'T KNOW WHAT KIND THEY WERE! WE CHOPPED THEM OFF THAT TREE!


THAT'S AN ACACIA TREE, NOT AN OAK TREE!
THOSE WERE OAK BRANCHES— I LEARNED FROM MY FIRST DAY AS A CUB SCOUT!
STRANGE! THIS MERITS LOOKING INTO—!

THIS IS A DEAD ACACIA TREE— BUT SOMEONE SPLICED OAK BRANCHES ON IT TO MAKE IT LOOK ALIVE!
SEE? DOWN HERE THE BARK JUST PEELS OFF...

THE TREE TRUNK IS FILLED WITH GOLD COINS!
THE LOST BANK MONEY!
IT WAS RIGHT UNDER OUR NOSES ALL ALONG!
BAH!
THIS IS WHAT'S KNOWN AS BARKING UP THE RIGHT TREE!

the End

HANNA-BARBERA

SCOOBY DOO... MYSTERY COMICS

HAPPY HAUNTING GROUNDS

SO THIS IS WHAT A TEXAS OIL RANCH LOOKS LIKE!

AW, SHUCKS —THIS IS THE SMALLEST ONE I OWN! I CALL IT "MARGARINE" 'CAUSE IT'S ONE OF THE LOWER PRICED SPREADS!

LOOK AT ALL THOSE OIL WELLS! HOW DO YOU KNOW WHERE TO DRILL, MR. FLAMBOISE?

NO TRESPASSING (THIS MEANS YOU!) P.J. FLAMBOISE OIL C FLAMBOISE, PRES

YOU DON'T HAVE TO KNOW WHERE! THIS LAND'S SO FULLA OIL, I JUST WALK AROUND IN SPIKED SHOES AND LEAVE GUSHERS IN MY FOOTPRINTS!

THAT'S A JOKE, SON! JUST KIDDIN' A LITTLE!

NOW, ABOUT THIS GHOST YOU MENTIONED ON THE PHONE...

AW, THERE'S PLENTY OF TIME TO GET AROUND TO THAT UGLY FELLER—HE SHOWS UP AFTER DARK! LET'S GO GET YOU ALL SOME WESTERN DUDS!

SHORTLY...

HEY! WHO TURNED OUT THE LIGHTS?

YOU CAN'T WEAR A TEN-GALLON HAT ON A FIVE-GALLON HEAD!

NOW I FEEL LIKE WE'RE REALLY IN TEXAS!

PREEESENTING... THE FASTEST GUNS IN THE WEST—WRANGLER DAPHNE AND CALAMITY VELMA!

HOWDY, PARDNER!

SAY, MR. FLAMBOISE, NO OFFENSE, BUT DOES EVERYONE IN TEXAS DRESS LIKE THIS?

THE NAME'S P.J., MA'AM! AND, NO, THEY DON'T! —NOT EVERYONE! BUT SOME OF US LIKE TO PRESERVE THAT WESTERN FLAVOR!

UH, SPEAKING OF "WESTERN FLAVOR," P.J., YOU MENTIONED SOMETHING ABOUT A BARBECUE—!

THE MASTER OF THE SUBTLE HINT STRIKES AGAIN!

RIGHT THIS WAY, FOLKS! AND WAIT'LL YOU TASTE MY SPECIAL BARBECUE SAUCE MADE WITH GENUINE BLACK STRAP MOLASSES AND CATSUP! MMMM, BOY!

THEN, WHEN YOU'RE ALL FED, WE'LL TALK ABOUT THAT LITTLE OL' GHOST!

ONE BARBECUE LATER...
...SEE, I EMPLOY THREE HUNDRED HANDS TO WORK MY RIGS! THEY ALL SAW IT THAT FIRST NIGHT — THAT'S HOW I KNOW IT WASN'T A MIRAGE!
I SEE! THIS WAS ON THE ADJOINING PROPERTY — NOT ON YOUR RANCH, RIGHT?

YEP! THE LAND BELONGS TO THE WANTAWAU INDIANS! IT WAS SOME SORT OF CEREMONIAL GROUNDS!
THEY WERE FIXIN' TO SELL IT TO ME, ALL FAIR AND SQUARE... THEN IT APPEARED!
SAKES ALIVE! THAT THING MUST BE TWENTY FEET TALL!

"IT FLOATED AROUND FOR A WHILE, MAKIN' THE MOST AWFUL NOISE..."
FLEMING! GET THE SHERIFF ON THE HORN!
CAN'T HEAR YOU, MR. FLAMBOISE! TOO MUCH NOISE!

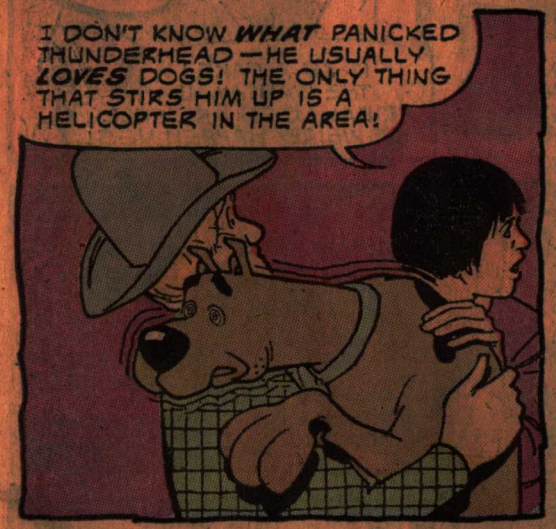
...THEN IT JUST VANISHED! THE SAME THING'S HAPPENED EVERY NIGHT SINCE! I'M PLUMB BEFUDDLED!
YOU WERE ABOUT TO BUY THIS PROPERTY, YOU SAY?

I WAS — AND I STILL WOULD IF NOT FOR THAT GHOST! THERE MUST BE THOUSANDS OF BARRELS UNDERGROUND, WAITIN' TO BE PUMPED OUT!
WHO WERE YOU DEALING WITH IN THE WANTAWAU TRIBE?
JEFF WINGFIELD — HE'S TRUSTEE FOR THE WANTAWAUS! HERE'S HIS ADDRESS — IT'S DOWN THE ROAD A PIECE!
WE'LL GO TALK WITH HIM! WE STILL HAVE ABOUT AN HOUR BEFORE DARK!
AN HOUR — GOOD! THAT'S PLENTY OF TIME TO FIND A GOOD HIDING PLACE!
NORMAL-SIZED GHOSTS ARE BAD ENOUGH! WHEN THEY COME IN THE GIANT ECONOMY SIZE, WATCH OUT!
ARE YOU JEFF WINGFIELD?
CORRECT! WHAT'S WRONG — WERE YOU EXPECTING CHIEF SITTING BULL WITH THE FEATHERS AND BEADS AND WAR PAINT? THEY'D THROW ME OUT OF LAW SCHOOL!
WE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO EXPECT! I'M FRED AND THIS IS...
I KNOW ALL YOUR NAMES — I'VE FOLLOWED YOUR GHOST-BREAKING EXPLOITS IN THE NEWSPAPER! THAT'S WHY I ASKED MR. FLAMBOISE TO CONTACT YOU!
YOU ASKED FOR US? I THOUGHT MR. FLAMBOISE HAD THE IDEA!
NOPE! YOU'RE THE BEST AT GHOST-BUSTING AND, THE SOONER I GET THIS SETTLED, THE SOONER I CAN SELL THAT LAND!

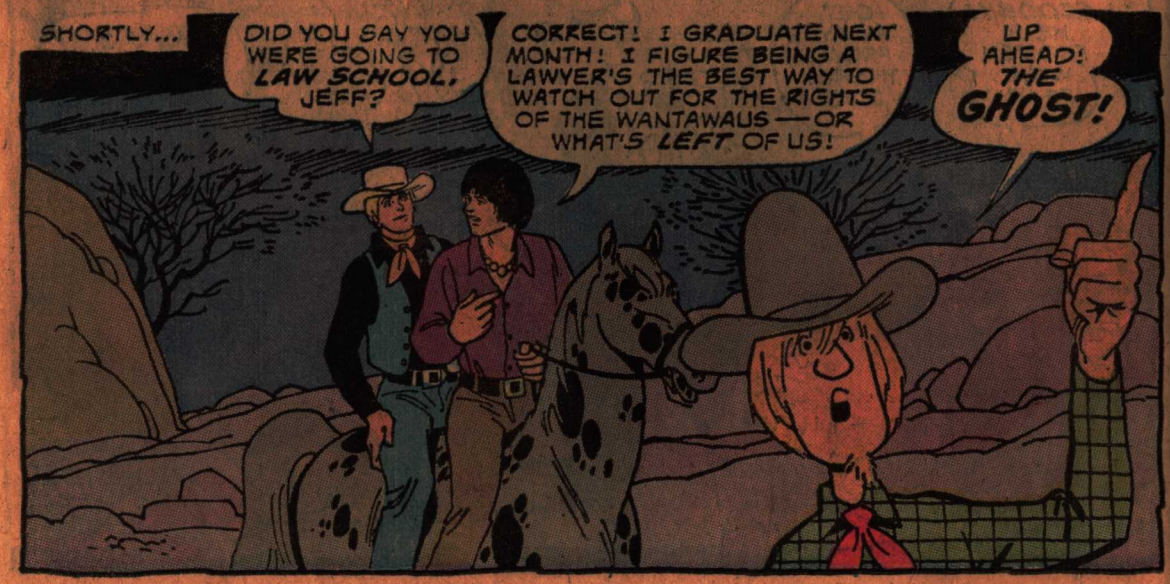
I SAY NO TO SELLING LAND! LAND WAS CEREMONIAL SITE FOR WANTAWAU!
MY GRANDFATHER! HE STILL DOESN'T UNDERSTAND — IF I DON'T SELL, THERE'S NO MONEY FOR HIM TO LIVE ON!
FLAMBOISE OFFERED US TOP DOLLAR! I WANT TO SELL THE LAND SO THE FEW REMAINING WANTAWAUS CAN LIVE IN COMFORT!
FRED CAN HANDLE THE DETECTIVE STUFF! ME, I'M GOING EXPLORING!
WELL, IF YOU WANT TO SELL — AND FLAMBOISE WANTS TO BUY — WHY WOULD ANYONE TRY AND STOP THINGS BY FAKING A GHOST?
IF IT IS A FAKE! THE WANTAWAU TRIBAL LOGS ARE FULL OF WEIRD HAPPENINGS!
SAY, GANG, WE'VE GOT AROUND FIFTEEN MINUTES BEFORE BIG CHIEF GHASTLY IS SUPPOSED TO SHOW!
EVERYBODY — OUTSIDE! SCOOBY WANDERED INTO THE HORSE CORRAL!
SCOOBY! HE'S FROZEN WITH FEAR!
GET AWAY FROM THERE, DOG!
ULP! I DON'T THINK THOSE HORSESHOES WILL BRING ME MUCH LUCK!

THIS IS IT— THE END! I'M A'HEADIN' FOR THE LAST ROUNDUP!
STOMPED BY A STALLION! WHAT A WAY TO GO!

COME ON, HOUND! LET'S GET YOU OUT OF HERE!
BEST IDEA I'VE HEARD ALL DAY!

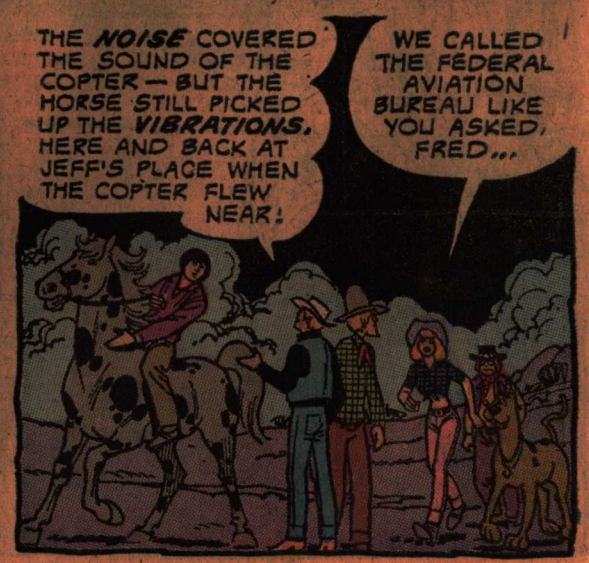

I DON'T KNOW WHAT PANICKED THUNDERHEAD—HE USUALLY LOVES DOGS! THE ONLY THING THAT STIRS HIM UP IS A HELICOPTER IN THE AREA!

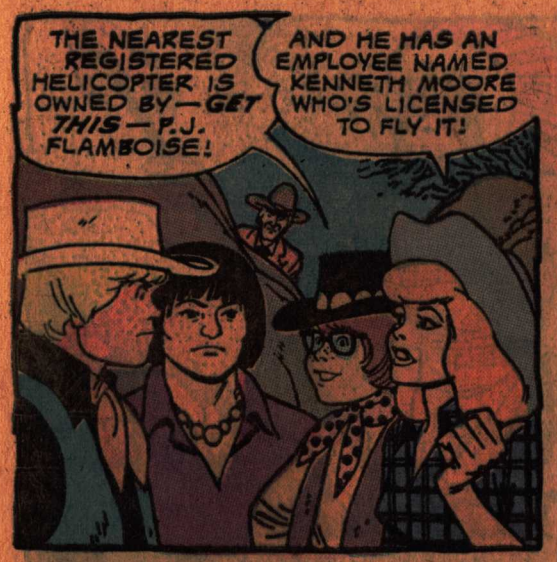
A HELI-COPTER?
YES, SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE SOUND VIBRATIONS THEY GIVE OFF!
BRING THUNDERHEAD AND LET'S GET OVER TO THE CEREMONIAL GROUNDS! DAPHNE, I'D LIKE YOU AND VELMA TO MAKE A PHONE CALL FOR ME!


SHORTLY...
DID YOU SAY YOU WERE GOING TO LAW SCHOOL, JEFF?
CORRECT! I GRADUATE NEXT MONTH! I FIGURE BEING A LAWYER'S THE BEST WAY TO WATCH OUT FOR THE RIGHTS OF THE WANTAWAUS—OR WHAT'S LEFT OF US!
UP AHEAD! THE GHOST!

WHIRWEE!
ZOINKS! LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THAT THING!
THERE'S TOO MUCH NOISE, SHAGGY! I CAN'T HEAR YOU!
THUNDERHEAD'S REARING UP! JUST LIKE WHEN A HELICOPTER GOES OVER!

I THINK THERE IS A HELICOPTER GOING OVER—WITH THAT GHOST SUSPENDED FROM IT! SOME SORT OF SMOKE BOMBS HIDE THE COPTER!
THE GHOST IS DISAPPEARING—AND THE NOISE IS FADING!


THE NOISE COVERED THE SOUND OF THE COPTER—BUT THE HORSE STILL PICKED UP THE VIBRATIONS, HERE AND BACK AT JEFF'S PLACE WHEN THE COPTER FLEW NEAR!
WE CALLED THE FEDERAL AVIATION BUREAU LIKE YOU ASKED, FRED...

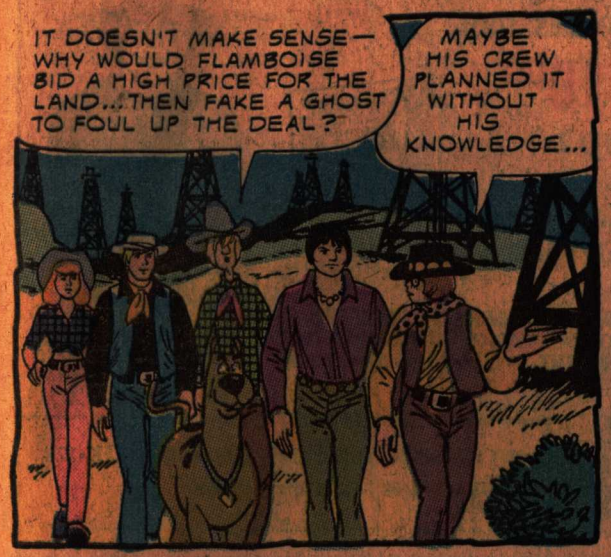

THE NEAREST REGISTERED HELICOPTER IS OWNED BY—GET THIS—P.J. FLAMBOISE!
AND HE HAS AN EMPLOYEE NAMED KENNETH MOORE WHO'S LICENSED TO FLY IT!

WHY WOULD P.J. FLAMBOISE PULL ALL THIS?
IF HE WANTED OUT OF THE DEAL, HE COULD JUST SAY SO!
THE COPTER'S STORED AT THE NORTH END OF FLAMBOISE'S LAND! LET'S CHECK IT OUT!

IN THE MEANTIME...
HERE COMES KEN! I'VE GOT TO GET RID OF THAT INDIAN STATUE BEFORE THOSE KIDS FIND IT!
DRAT THOSE KIDS! WHO'D HAVE FIGGERED THEY'D BLOW MY WHOLE PLAN? I FIGGERED THEY'D BE STUMPED AND CONVINCE WINGFIELD THAT THE GHOST WAS REAL!

I LAID THE STATUE DOWN IN THE CLEARING, MR. FLAMBOISE!
YOU'VE DONE A RIGHT FINE JOB, KEN! GO TAKE THE WEEKEND OFF—IN TOWN!

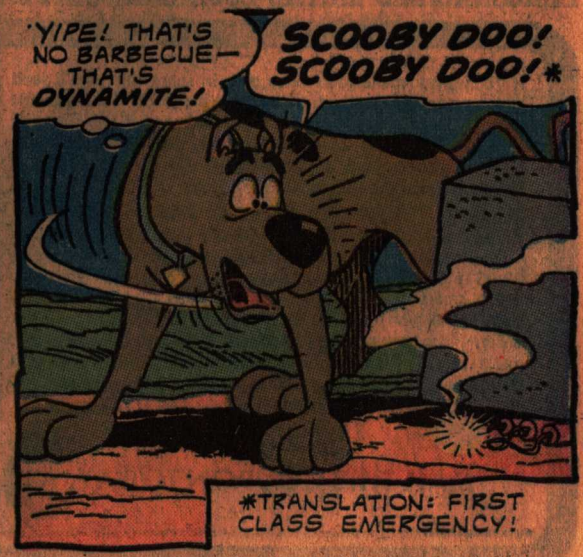
I'LL BLAST THAT STATUE INTO SMITHEREENS! NO STATUE—NO EVIDENCE!
MAYBE YOU CAN STILL PULL THIS ONE OUTTA THE FIRE, P.J.!
DYNAMITE


IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE—WHY WOULD FLAMBOISE BID A HIGH PRICE FOR THE LAND...THEN FAKE A GHOST TO FOUL UP THE DEAL?
MAYBE HIS CREW PLANNED IT WITHOUT HIS KNOWLEDGE...

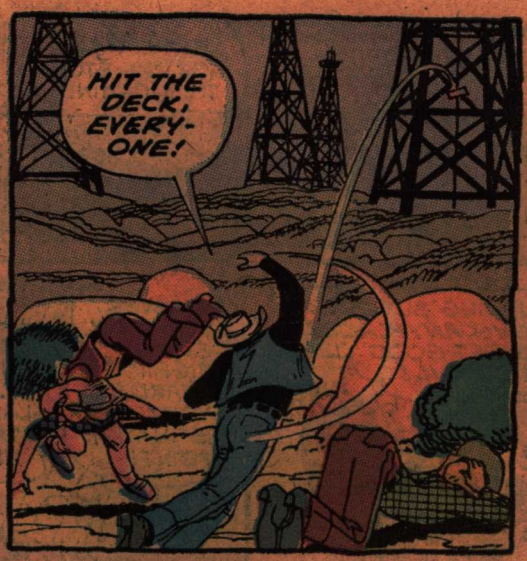
MAYBE! BUT P.J. SURE STRUCK ME AS A SLIPPERY CHARACTER—A WELL-OILED ONE!
OBSERVE—THE OFFICIAL "POINTER DOG" STANCE TO INDICATE OBJECTIVE DIRECTLY AHEAD! I LEARNED THIS IS MY MAIL ORDER OBEDIENCE SCHOOL COURSE!

AND HERE'S OUR GHOST—A COLOSSAL WOODEN INDIAN!
COMPLETE WITH A SPECIAL HARNESS FOR THE HELICOPTER!
HOLD YOUR EARS TIGHT, P.J.! THAT DYNAMITE'S GONNA BLAST THAT STATUE INTO A MILLION PIECES!

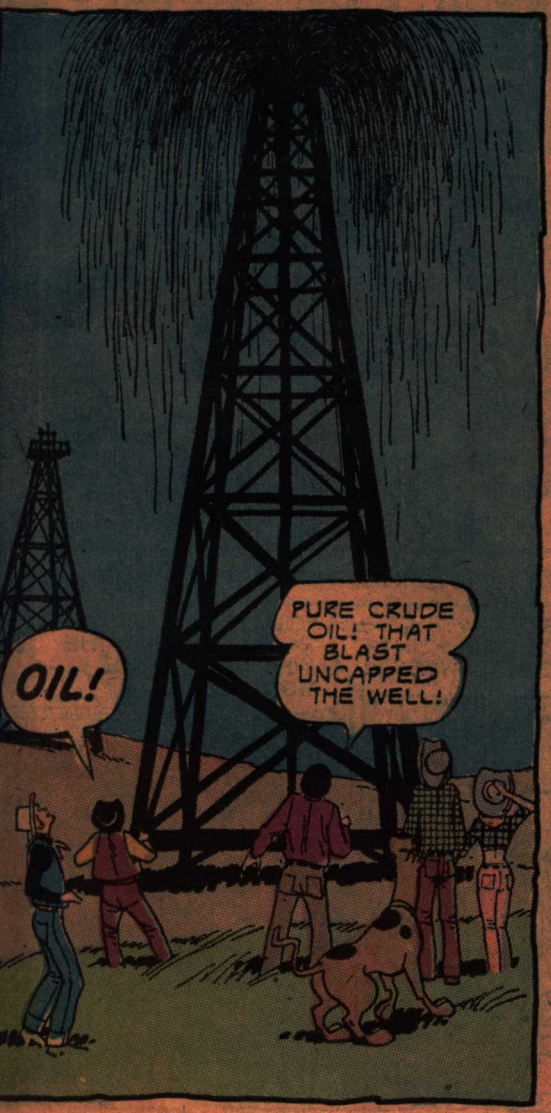
SAY, I SMELL SMOKE—MUST BE ANOTHER BARBECUE GOING AROUND HERE!
IT SMELLS LIKE THEY'RE HAVING BARBECUED SNEAKERS! ICK!


YIPE! THAT'S NO BARBECUE—THAT'S DYNAMITE!
SCOOBY DOO! SCOOBY DOO!*
*TRANSLATION: FIRST CLASS EMERGENCY!

DYNAMITE!


HIT THE DECK, EVERY-ONE!

BA-LOOM

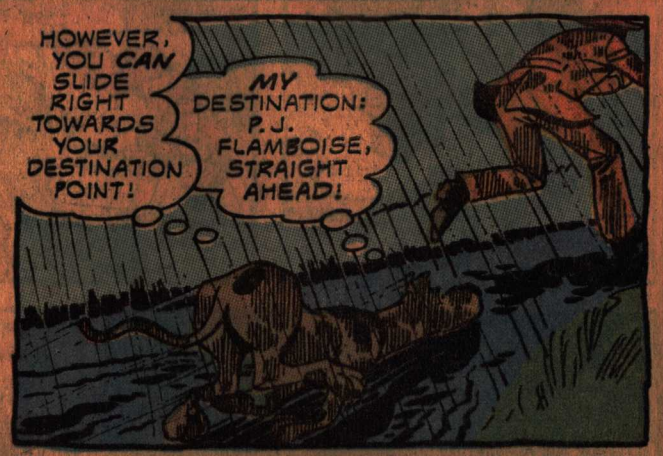

OIL!
PURE CRUDE OIL! THAT BLAST UNCAPPED THE WELL!

OHH, MY HAIR WILL BE WRECKED!
...TO SAY NOTHING OF MY BEARD!
WELL, LET'S NOT STAND HERE GETTING RAINED ON! LET'S...

HEY! THERE'S FLAMBOISE — I THINK! HE'S GOT A LOT OF ANSWERING TO DO!
AW, RATS! AND THIS WAS MY FAVORITE RHINESTONE OUTFIT, TOO — PLUMB RUINED!

SCOOBY! STOP FLAMBOISE!
NEITHER RAIN NOR SNOW NOR OIL STORMS WILL STAY THIS CANINE FROM HIS DUTY!

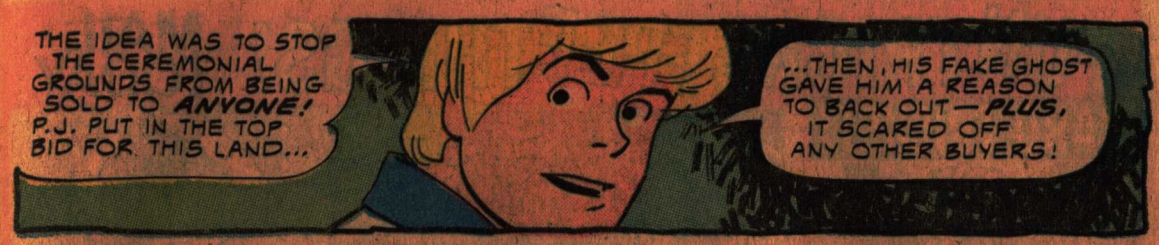
I KEEP RUNNING BUT I'M NOT GETTING ANYPLACE! YOU CAN'T GET GOOD TRACTION ON OIL!


HOWEVER, YOU CAN SLIDE RIGHT TOWARDS YOUR DESTINATION POINT!
MY DESTINATION: P.J. FLAMBOISE, STRAIGHT AHEAD!

GOING SOME-WHERE?
HUH? WHY, YOU MUTT! YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS HAVE RUINED EVERYTHING!

I TURNED OFF THE BACK-UP VALVE! THE WELL'S SAFE UNTIL MORNING!
TAKE A LOOK AT THIS DRILLING CHART HERE, JEFF! I THINK THIS EXPLAINS IT ALL!

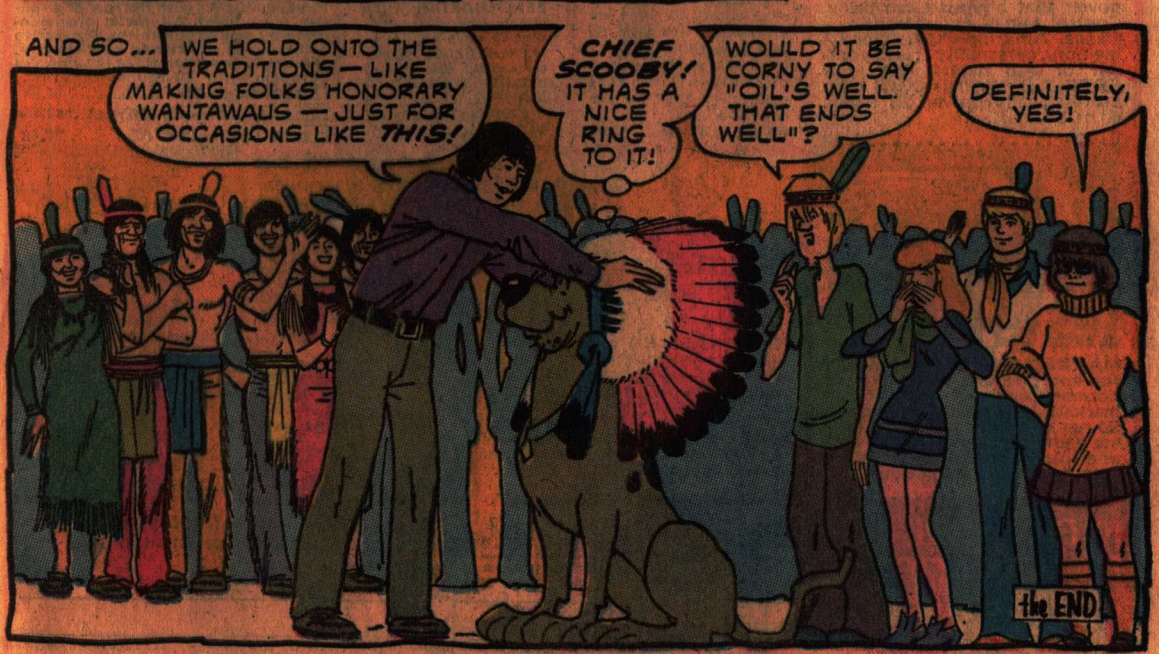
AND SO, SEVERAL SHOWERS LATER...
I DON'T SAY ANYTHING — NOT ONE WORD — UNTIL I TALK TO MY LAWYERS!
YOU DON'T HAVE TO! I THINK I'VE GOT THE WHOLE SCHEME FIGURED OUT!


THE IDEA WAS TO STOP THE CEREMONIAL GROUNDS FROM BEING SOLD TO ANYONE! P.J. PUT IN THE TOP BID FOR THIS LAND...
...THEN, HIS FAKE GHOST GAVE HIM A REASON TO BACK OUT — PLUS, IT SCARED OFF ANY OTHER BUYERS!

BUT I THOUGHT MR. FLAMBOISE WANTED THE OIL FROM UNDER-GROUND!
HE DID! IN FACT, HE ALREADY HAD IT! AS THIS DIAGRAM SHOWS, HE PUMPED IT OUT ILLEGALLY!
PROPERTY LINE
OIL

YOU SLANT-DRILLED UNDER THE WANTAWAU LAND, YOU CHARLATAN! WELL, I KNOW WHAT MY FIRST LAW CASE WILL BE...
...TO SUE YOU, ON BEHALF OF THE WANTAWAUS, FOR EVERY DROP OF OIL YOU STOLE!

WHEN I GET DONE HE WON'T HAVE ENOUGH OIL TO MAKE A SALAD! FRED, I WANT YOU ALL TO COME TO THE WANTAWAU SUNRISE CEREMONY
IT'S ALMOST SUN-UP, NOW — IT'S BEEN A LONG, LONG NIGHT!


AND SO...
WE HOLD ONTO THE TRADITIONS — LIKE MAKING FOLKS HONORARY WANTAWAUS — JUST FOR OCCASIONS LIKE THIS!
CHIEF SCOOBY! IT HAS A NICE RING TO IT!
WOULD IT BE CORNY TO SAY "OIL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL"?
DEFINITELY, YES!
The END